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LONDON:

A

POEM,

In IMITATION of the

THIRD SATIRE of *JUVENAL*.

---------- *Quis ineptæ*
Tam patiens Urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe?

JUV.

THE FOURTH EDITION.

by Samuel Johnson.

LONDON.

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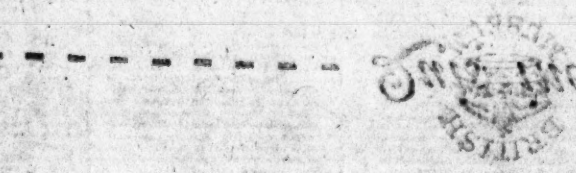
MDCCXXXIX.

THE FOURTH EDITION.



THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

IN IMITATION of the

LONDON:

A

LONDON:

A POEM,

In IMITATION of the

THIRD SATIRE of *JUVENAL*.

THO' Grief and Fondneſs in my Breaſt rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the Town farewell,
Yet ſtill my calmer Thoughts his Choice commend.
I praiſe the Hermit, but regret the Friend,
Who now reſolves, from Vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in diſtant Fields a purer Air,
And, fix'd on CAMBRIA's ſolitary Shore,
Give to St DAVID one *true Briton* more.

JUV. SAT. 3.

Quamvis Digreſſu veteris confuſus Amici;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod Sedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atq; unum Civem donare Sibyllæ.

[2] For who would leave, unbrib'd, *Hibernia*'s Land,
Or change the Rocks of *Scotland* for the *Strand*?
There none are ſwept by ſudden Fate away,
But all whom Hunger ſpares, with Age decay:
Here Malice, Rapine, Accident, conſpire,
And now a Rabble rages, now a Fire;
Their Ambuſh here relentleſs Ruffians lay,
And here the fell Attorney prowls for Prey;
Here falling Houſes thunder on your Head,
And here a female Atheiſt talks you dead.

[3] While THALES waits the Wherry that contains
Of diſſipated Wealth the ſmall Remains,
On *Thames*'s Banks, in ſilent Thought we ſtood,
Where GREENWICH ſmiles upon the ſilver Flood:
Struck with the Seat that gave *ELIZA Birth,
We kneel, and kiſs the conſecrated Earth;

[2] *Ego vel* Prochytam *præpono* Suburræ.
Nam quid tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere Incendia, Lapſus
Tectorum aſſiduos, et mille Pericula ſevæ
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes Menſe Poetas?

[3] *Sed, dum tota Domus Rhedâ componitur unâ,*
Subſtitit ad veteres Arcus. ———

* Q. Elizabeth *born at* Greenwich.

In

In pleaſing Dreams the bliſsful Age renew,
And call BRITANNIA's Glories back to view;
Behold her Croſs triumphant on the Main,
The Guard of Commerce, and the Dread of *Spain*,
Ere Maſquerades debauch'd, Exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or *Engliſh* Honour grew a ſtanding Jeſt.

A tranſient Calm the happy Scenes beſtow,
And for a Moment lull the Senſe of Woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous Frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring Town.

[4] SINCE Worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate Days,
Wants ev'n the cheap Reward of empty Praiſe;
In thoſe curſt Walls, devote to Vice and Gain,
Since unrewarded Science toils in vain;
Since Hope but ſooths to double my Diſtreſs,
And ev'ry Moment leaves my Little leſs;

[4] *Hic tunc* Umbricius: *Quando Artibus, inquit, honeſtis*
Nullus in Urbe Locus, nulla Emolumenta Laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, here quam fuit, atq; eadem Cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid, proponimus illuc
Ire fatigatas ubi Dædalus *exuit Alas;*
Dum nova Canities —— ——

While yet my ſteady Steps no [5] Staff ſuſtains,
And Life ſtill vig'rous revels in my Veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find ſome happier Place,
Where Honeſty and Senſe are no Diſgrace;
Some pleaſing Bank where verdant Oſiers play,
Some peaceful Vale with Nature's Paintings gay;
Where once the harraſs'd BRITON found repoſe,
And ſafe in Poverty defy'd his Foes;
Some ſecret Cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give.
[6] Let----live here, for----has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom Penſions can incite
To vote a Patriot black, a Courtier white;
Explain their Country's dear-bought Rights away,
And plead for Pirates in the Face of Day;
With ſlaviſh Tenets taint our poiſon'd Youth,
And lend a Lye the Confidence of Truth.

[7] Let ſuch raiſe Palaces, and Manors buy,
Collect a Tax, or farm a Lottery,

[5] —— —— —— *et Pedibus me*
Porto meis, nullo Dextram ſubeunte Bacillo.

[6] *Cedamus Patriâ: vivant* Arturius *iſtic*
Et Catulus: *maneant qui Nigrum in Candida vertunt.*

[7] *Queis facile eſt Ædem conducere, Flumina, Portus,*
Siccandam Eluviem, portandum ad Buſta Cadaver. ——
Munera nunc edunt. ——

With

With warbling Eunuchs fill our ſilenc'd Stage,
And lull to Servitude a thoughtleſs Age.

Heroes, proceed! What Bounds your Pride ſhall hold?
What Check reſtrain your Thirſt of Pow'r and Gold?
Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our Fame, our Wealth, our Lives your own.

To ſuch, a groaning Nation's Spoils are giv'n,
When publick Crimes inflame the Wrath of Heav'n:
[7] But what, my Friend, what Hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at Theft, and bluſh at Perjury?
Who ſcarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's Court he ſing,
To pluck a titled Poet's borrow'd Wing;
A Stateſman's Logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the *Gazetteer*;
Deſpiſe a Fool in half his Penſion dreſt,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at *H---y*'s Jeſt.

[8] Others with ſofter Smiles, and ſubtler Art,
Can ſap the Principles, or taint the Heart;

[7] *Quid* Romæ *faciam? mentiri neſcio: Librum,*
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare & poſcere. ——
[8] ——*Ferre ad Nuptas quæ mittit Adulter,*
Quæ mandat norint alij: Me Nemo Miniſtro
Fur erit, atq; ideo nulli Comes exeo. ——

With more Addreſs a Lover's Note convey,
Or bribe a Virgin's Innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe Ruſtic Tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle Right, or varniſh Wrong,
Spurn'd as a Begger, dreaded as a Spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

[10] For what but ſocial Guilt the Friend endears?
Who ſhares *Orgilio*'s Crimes, his Fortune ſhares.
[11] But thou, ſhould tempting Villainy preſent
All *Marlb'rough* hoarded, or all *Villiers* ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring Bribe thy ſcornful Eye,
Nor ſell for Gold, what Gold could never buy,
The peaceful Slumber, ſelf-approving Day,
Unſullied Fame, and Conſcience ever gay.

[12] The cheated Nation's happy Fav'rites ſee!
Mark whom the Great careſs, who frown on me!

[10] *Quis nunc diligitur niſi conſcius?——*
Charus erit Verri, *qui* Verrem *tempore, quo vult,*
Accuſare poteſt.——

[11] *—— Tanti tibi non ſit opaci*
Omnis Arena Tagi, *quodque in Mare volvitur Aurum,*
Ut Somno careas. ——

[12] *Quæ nunc Divitibus Gens acceptiſſima noſtris,*
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

LONDON! the needy Villain's gen'ral Home,
The Common Shore of *Paris* and of *Rome*;
With eager Thirſt, by Folly or by Fate,
Sucks in the Dregs of each corrupted State.
Forgive my Tranſports on a Theme like this,
[13] I cannot bear a *French* Metropolis.

[14] Illuſtrious EDWARD! from the Realms of Day,
The Land of Heroes and of Saints ſurvey;
Nor hope the *Britiſh* Lineaments to trace,
The ruſtic Grandeur, or the ſurly Grace;
But loſt in thoughtleſs Eaſe, and empty Show,
Behold the Warriour dwindled to a Beau;
Senſe, Freedom, Piety, refin'd away,
Of FRANCE the Mimic, and of SPAIN the Prey.

All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a Gibbet better than a Wheel;
Hiſs'd from the Stage, or hooted from the Court,
Their Air, their Dreſs, their Politicks import;

[13] —— —— *Non poſſum ferre*, Quirites,
Græcam *Urbem*.—— ——

[14] Ruſticus *ille tuus ſumit Trechedipna*, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert Niceteria Collo.

Obſequious,

[15] Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On *Britain*'s fond Credulity they prey.
No gainful Trade their Induſtry can 'ſcape,
[16] They ſing, they dance, clean Shoes, or cure a Clap;
All Sciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

[17] Ah! what avails it, that, from Slav'ry far,
I drew the Breath of Life in *Engliſh* Air;
Was early taught a *Briton*'s Right to prize,
And liſp the Tale of HENRY's Victories;
If the gull'd Conqueror receives the Chain,
And what their Armies loſt, their Cringes gain?

[18] Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple *Gaul* was born a Paraſite:
Still to his Int'reſt true, where'er he goes.
Wit, Brav'ry, Worth, his laviſh Tongue beſtows;

[15] *Ingenium velox, Audacia perdita, Sermo*
Promptus, —— ——

[16] *Augur, Schænobates, Medicus, Magus: omnia novit*
Græculus *eſuriens, in Cælum, juſſeris, ibit.*

[17] *Uſque adeo nihil eſt, quod noſtra Infantia Cælum* ——
Hauſit Aventini? —— ——

[18] *Quid? quod Adulandi Gens prudentiſſima, laudat*
Sermonem indocti, Faciem deformis Amici?

In ev'ry Face a Thouſand Graces ſhine,
From ev'ry Tongue flows Harmony divine.
[19] Theſe Arts in vain our rugged Natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring Diffidence a Lie,
And gain a Kick for aukward Flattery.

Beſides, with Juſtice, this diſcerning Age
Admires their wond'rous Talents for the Stage:
[20] Well may they venture on the Mimic's Art,
Who play from Morn to Night a borrow'd Part;
Practis'd their Maſter's Notions to embrace,
Repeat his Maxims, and reflect his Face;
With ev'ry wild Abſurdity comply,
And view each Object with another's Eye;
To ſhake with Laughter ere the Jeſt they hear,
To pour at Will the counterfeited Tear,
And as their Patron hints the Cold or Heat,
To ſhake in Dog-days, in *December* ſweat.

Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: ſed illis Creditur. ——

——

[20] *Natio Comœda eſt. Rides? majore cachinno Concutitur, &c.*

[21] How, when Competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly Virtue hope to fix a Friend?
Slaves that with ſerious Impudence beguile,
And lye without a Bluſh, without a Smile;
Exalt each Trifle, ev'ry Vice adore,
Your Taſte in Snuff, your Judgment in a Whore;
Can *Balbo*'s Eloquence applaud, and ſwear
He gropes his Breeches with a Monarch's Air.

For Arts like theſe preferr'd, admir'd, careſt,
They firſt invade your Table, then your Breaſt;
[22] Explore your Secrets with inſidious Art,
Watch the weak Hour, and ranſack all the Heart;
Then ſoon your ill-plac'd Confidence repay,
Commence your Lords, and govern or betray.

[23] By Numbers here from Shame or Cenſure free,
All Crimes are ſafe, but hated Poverty.

[21] *Non ſumus ergo pares: melior, qui ſemper & omni*
Nocte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum,
A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, ſi rectum minxit Amicus. ——

[22] *Scire volunt Secreta Domûs, atque inde timeri.*

[23] —— —— *Materiem præbet cauſaſque Jocorum*
Omnibus hic Idem? ſi fœda et ſciſſa lacerna, &c.

This,

This, only this, the rigid Law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the darling Muſe;
The ſober Trader at a tatter'd Cloak,
Wakes from his Dream, and labours for a Joke;
With briſker Air the ſilken Courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied Taunt a thouſand Ways.
[24] Of all the Griefs that harraſs the Diſtreſt,
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful Jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous Heart,
Than when a Blockhead's Inſult points the Dart.

[25] Has Heaven reſerv'd, in Pity to the Poor,
No pathleſs Waſte, or undiſcover'd Shore?
No ſecret Iſland in the boundleſs Main?
No peaceful Deſart yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy Seats explore,
And bear Oppreſſion's Inſolence no more.

[24] Nil habet *infelix Paupertas durius in ſe,*
Quam quod ridiculos Homines facit.

[25] —— —— *Agmine facto,*
Debuerunt olim tenues migraſſe Quirites.

This mournful Truth is ev'ry where confeſt,
[26] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPREST:
But here more ſlow, where all are Slaves to Gold,
Where Looks are Merchandiſe, and Smiles are ſold,
Where won by Bribes, by Flatteries implor'd,
The Groom retails the Favours of his Lord.

But hark! th' affrighted Crowd's tumultuous Cries
Roll thro' the Streets, and thunder to the Skies;
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing Dream of Wealth and Pow'r,
Some pompous Palace, or ſome bliſsful Bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aking Sight,
Suſtain th' approaching Fire's tremendous Light;
Swift from purſuing Horrors take your Way,
And leave your little ALL to Flames a Prey;
[27] Then thro' the World a wretched Vagrant roam,
For where can ſtarving Merit find a Home?

[26] Haud *facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obſtat*
Res anguſta Domi, ſed Romæ *durior illis*
Conatus. —— ——
—— —— —— *Omnia* Romæ
Cum pretio —— ——
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis.

[27] —— —— *Ultimus autem,*
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & fruſta rogantem.
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoq; juvabit.

In

In vain your mournful Narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your Woes.

[28] Should Heaven's juſt Bolts *Orgilio*'s Wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming Palace on the Ground,
Swift o'er the Land the diſmal Rumour flies,
And publick Mournings pacify the Skies;
The Laureat Tribe in ſervile Verſe relate,
How Virtue wars with perſecuting Fate;
[29] With well-feign'd Gratitude the penſion'd Band
Refund the Plunder of the begger'd Land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy Vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden Wealth the riſing Dome;
The Price of Boroughs and of Souls reſtore,
And raiſe his Treaſures higher than before.
Now bleſs'd with all the Baubles of the Great,
The poliſh'd Marble, and the ſhining Plate,

[28] *Si magna* Aſturici *cecidit Domus, horrida Mater,*
Pullati Proceres. ——

[29] —— *Jam accurrit, qui Marmora donet,*
Conferat Impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic Modium Argenti. —— ——

[30] *Orgilio* ſees the golden Pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another Fire.

[31] Could'ſt thou reſign the Park and Play content,
For the fair Banks of *Severn* or of *Trent*;
There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant Retreat,
Some hireling Senator's deſerted Seat;
And ſtreth thy Proſpects o'er the ſmiling Land,
For leſs than rent the Dungeons of the *Strand*;
There prune thy Walks, ſupport thy drooping Flow'rs,
Direct thy Rivulets, and twine thy Bow'rs;
And, while thy Beds a cheap Repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the Dainties of a venal Lord:
There ev'ry Buſh with Nature's Muſick rings,
There ev'ry Breeze bears Health upon its Wings;
On all thy Hours Security ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thine Evening Walk and Morning Toil.

[30] —— *Meliora, ac plura reponit*
Perſicus *Orborum lautiſſimus.* ——

[31] *Si potes avelli* Circenſibus, *optima* Soræ,
Aut Fabretariæ *Domus, aut* Fuſinone *paratur,*
Quanti nunc Tenebras unum conducis in Annum.
Hortulus hic —— ——
Vive Bidentis amans, & culti Villicus Horti,
Unde Epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoræis.

Prepare

[32] Prepare for Death, if here at Night you roam,
And ſign your Will before you ſup from Home.
[33] Some fiery Fop, with new Commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on Brambles till he kills his Man;
Some frolick Drunkard, reeling from a Feaſt,
Provokes a Broil, and ſtabs you for a Jeſt.
[34] Yet ev'n theſe Heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the Street, and Terrors of the Way;
Fluſh'd as they are with Folly, Youth and Wine,
Their prudent Inſults to the Poor confine;
Afar they mark the Flambeau's bright Approach,
And ſhun the ſhining Train, and golden Coach.
[35] In vain, theſe Dangers paſt, your Doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy Bleſſings of Repoſe:

[32] —— *Poſſis ignavus haberi,*
Et ſubiti Caſus improvidus, ad Cœnam ſi
Inteſtatus eas. ——

[33] *Ebrius et petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,*
Dat Pœnas, Noctem patitur lugentis Amicum
Peleidæ —— —— ——

[34] —— *Sed, quamvis improbus Annis,*
Atq; Mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina Læna
Vitari jubet, et Comitum longiſſimus Ordo,
Multum præterea Flammarum, atq; ænea Lampas.

[35] *Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui ſpoliet te*
Non deerit: clauſis Domibus, &c.

Cruel

Cruel with Guilt, and daring with Deſpair,
The midnight Murd'rer burſts the faithleſs Bar;
Invades the ſacred Hour of ſilent Reſt,
And plants, unſeen, a Dagger in your Breaſt.

[36] Scarce can our Fields, ſuch Crowds at *Tyburn* die,
With Hemp the Gallows and the Fleet ſupply.
Propoſe your Schemes, ye Senatorian Band,
Whoſe *Ways* and *Means* ſupport the ſinking Land;
Leſt Ropes be wanting in the tempting Spring,
To rig another Convoy for the K——g.

[37] A ſingle Jail, in ALFRED's golden Reign,
Could half the Nation's Criminals contain;
Fair Juſtice then, without Conſtraint ador'd,
Suſtain'd the Ballance, but reſign'd the Sword;
No Spies were paid, no *Special Juries* known,
Bleſt Age! But ah! how diff'rent from our own!

[36] *Maximus in Vinclis Ferri modus: ut timeas ne Vomer deficiat, ne Marræ et Sarcula deſint.*

[37] *Felices Proavorum Atavos, felicia dicas Secula, quæ quondam ſub Regibus atq; Tribunis Viderunt uno contentam Carcere* Romam.

Much

[38] Much could I add, ---- but ſee the Boat at hand,
The Tide retiring, calls me from the Land:
[39] Farewel! ----- When Youth, and Health, and Fortune ſpent,
Thou fly'ſt for Refuge to the Wilds of *Kent*;
And tir'd like me with Follies and with Crimes,
In angry Numbers warn'ſt ſucceeding Times;
Then ſhall thy Friend, nor thou refuſe his Aid,
Still Foe to Vice forſake his *Cambrian* Shade;
In Virtue's Cauſe once more exert his Rage,
Thy Satire point, and animate thy Page.

[38] *His alias poteram, & plureis ſubnectere Cauſas:*
Sed Jumenta vocant. —— —— ——

[39] —— —— *Ergo vale Noſtri memor, & quoties te*
Roma *tuo refici properantem reddet* Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleuſinam Cererem, *veſtramq;* Dianam
Convelle a Cumis: *Satirarum Ego, ni pudet illas,*
Adjutor gelidos veniam caligatus in Agros.

FINIS.

Thy Satire point, and animate thy Page.
In Virtue's Cause once more exert his Rage,
Still Foe to Vice forsake his Cumbrous Shade:
Then shall thy Friend, nor shun reveal his Aid,
In angry Numbers warn, if unprovoked Times:
And tird like me with Follies and with Crimes,
Then hy, if for Refuge to the Wilds of Kent:

[illegible]

[illegible] Where Pope
[illegible] Where Young, and Health, and For-
[illegible] tune cheat,

[illegible] Much could I add, ---- but for the Post at hand,
The Tide returning, calls me from the Land: